

in August



254 U.S.

250 PESOS - MEXICO



"Operation Amigos"

SOMETHING NEW IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

WHAT WE ARE

The Comité Norteamericano Pro-México, A. C. (Committee of North Americans for Mexico, Civil Association), is a non-profit organization of United States citizens, resident in Mexico, formed for the purpose of promoting better understanding between the peoples of our two countries and to benefit economically the Republic of Mexico.

The confusion, misunderstandings and unwarranted pessimism following the 1954 devaluation of the peso led to the organizational meeting in June of that year.

We North American residents and businessmen who formed this program, and who carry it out with voluntary work and monetary contributions, are motivated primarily by a sincere desire to help the country in which we live. We also realize that any successful efforts in strengthening the economy of Mexico will inevitably result in benefit to all concerned.

WHAT WE DO

1. We are chiefly concerned with augmenting that great source of dollar income and that equally great source of acquaintanceship with Mexico which leads to sympathetic understanding-tourist trade. We encourage travel from the United States to Mexico by wide distribution in the States of pamphlets, booklets, stickers, a travelling art exhibit, press releases, magazine articles and all other proven public relations methods.
2. We give special recognition to public figures and others who have made significant contribution to understanding between the two countries.
3. We provide attention and assistance to groups of visitors so that they, in turn, will be enthusiastic goodwill ambassadors of Mexico when they return to the United States.

This is the first time we know of that an American business colony in a foreign land has organized to further understanding between the two countries. While accepting the vital importance of bettered relations between the Governments of our two countries, our effort is rather devoted to fostering opportunities for individuals to arrive at that solid base for friendship, actual knowledge and understanding of the people of Mexico.

We believe that, knowing both countries as we do, we are unusually well situated to explain convincingly Mexico's many advantages and attractions to other North Americans.

Further, we believe that a friendly, strong neighbor to the south is an indispensable asset to the United States.

4. We work with and through other civic groups such as Rotary, Sales Executives Club, Chambers of Commerce, Lions Club, etc. to spread a persuasive invitation, "Visit Mexico", to their Stateside chapters and clubs. With some of these groups we have developed a continuing series of Mexican Fiesta meetings in the United States, for which we provide Mexican movies, posters, menus with recipes and music.
5. We initiate and assist public relations activities that promote a knowledge of Mexico and its people among our fellow North Americans in the United States.

The prime necessity to our continuing success is the sympathetic understanding and financial support from our colleagues, the North American residents and the North American commercial and industrial interests in Mexico, that we may all work together toward growing goodwill, better business relations and greater friendship between the United States and Mexico.

COMITE NORTEAMERICANO PRO-MEXICO

(Committee of U. S. citizens for Mexico)

Preview

FOR AUGUST

ART

Casa del Arquitecto, Veracruz 24.
Sometime in August: modern design
in furniture. Tel. 11-44-74.

Galería de Arte Contemporáneo, Am-
beres 12. Paintings by Olga Costa,
Mexican; Irene Bohus, American;
and Borisos, French. Open 11 am
to 7:30 pm.



Galería de Arte Los Tlacuilos, Insur-
gentes and Pennsylvania. Oils by
Fermín Rosales, and a collective
exhibit of works by young Mexican
painters.

Galería de Arte Mexicano, Milán 18.
Abstractions in oil by Constance
McCormick. Open 10 am to 7 pm,
closed Sundays.

Galería El Eco. Sullivan 43. Hector
Xavier.

Galería Mexicana, Ramón Alcazar 8.
Permanent exhibit of paintings by
Diego Rivera. Open 9 am to 8 pm.

Galería Proteo, Génova 34. Through
Aug. 16: twenty-five works by Vi-
cente Castillo Oramas, whose first
show of popular sculptures last year
was acclaimed by critics. From Aug.
18: oils, gouaches and drawings by
American surrealist painter Doro-
thy Hood. Open 10 am to 2 pm and
4 to 8 pm.

Galerías Excelsior, Reforma 18. Jewels
of Palenque from the National Mu-
seum of Anthropology; and The
Dance in painting and the plastic
arts. Open 11 am to 9 pm, closed
Sundays.

Palace of Fine Arts, Juárez and San
Juan de Letrán. Popular arts sec-
tion, textiles from the Folklore Ins-
titute of Michoacan. Foyer, Bernice.

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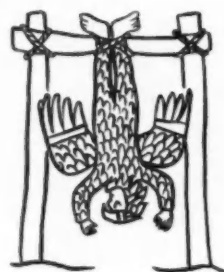
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OF SPECIAL INTEREST

"Joan of Arc at the Stake" (Juana de
Arco en la Hoguera) which made
musical, theater, and ballet history
at Bellas Artes last month (see Arts
section) will be given in the
principal cities of Mexico this
month, schedule indefinite. It is very
much worth a trip to see, if you
missed it. For information call Be-
llas Artes, Departamento de Coor-
dinación.

Pro-Pablo Casals concert series with
National Symphony Orchestra and
permanent conductor Luis Herrera
de la Fuente, guest conductors Car-
los Chávez, Wilfrid Pelletier of the
Metropolitan Opera of New York,
Eduard Van Remoortel. Soloists
Klara Kacz, pianist; soprano Rose
Bampton; violinist Hermilo Novelo;
pianist Eugene Istomin. Aug. 4, 11,
18, and 25. At Bellas Artes.

"Los de Abajo", an old Mexican film
based on the great novel of the
same name, by Mariano Azuela,
will be shown some time in August
at the *Casa del Arquitecto*, Vera-
cruz 43. For definite schedule call
11-44-74.



The baseball championship series of
the Mexican League (now affiliated
with inter-national baseball,
AA classification) will be played
throughout August. See "Sports"
for place and schedules.

Throughout August: Mexican dances
in costume, Sunday mornings in

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OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Chapultepec Park. Presented by the National Youth Institute.

Early August: Katherine Dunham at the Versailles.

1 to 6 In Saltillo, Coahuila (near Monterrey) religious fiesta-fair. Indians from surrounding regions bring their wares, including the famous light-weight Saltillo sarape. On the 1st and 6th, dancers in the church atrium do honor to the Christ of the Chapel, patron saint of Saltillo. These include spectacular plume dances and *matachines*, comic gigantic figures dating from medieval Spain.

1 to 7 Children's National Championship meet in Swimming and Diving. At University City pool, 4 pm daily except Sunday, 11 am.

Monday 8 Songs of Salvador Moreno, talented Mexican modern, are included in the Monday evening Chamber Music Bellas Artes program. (See Music.)

2 to 9 Fiesta-fair in Tulancingo, near Pachuca. In honor of Our Lady of the Angels, who is believed to have protected and defended the Otomí Indians against the conquering Spaniards. Regional crafts, music, dancers, and fireworks of course.

Tuesday 9 Players', Inc, opens its new season with an Agatha Christie. (See Theater.)

11 to 14 Children's Championship meets in Swimming and Diving. University City pool, 3 p. m. daily, Sunday 11 am.

Saturday 13 This is the anniversary of the fall of Tenochtitlán, seat of the Aztec Empire; which occupied what is now downtown Mexico City. The dancer-fraternities dedicated to

keeping alive the memory of Cuauhtémoc, last of the Aztec rulers, who was martyred by the conquerors, dance for — and to — this national hero at his statue in the heart of Mexico City: intersection of Insurgentes and Reforma. Probably all day, but 11 am is best bet.

Monday 15 This is a very solemn day in both the Catholic calendar and the pagan cycle that underlies it. It is the day of the Virgin of the Assumption, identified as the Patroness of the cornfields. Churches and crosses are decorated with young ears of corn (first fruits) and having thus thanked Her for the harvest, it is now permissible to eat it. It is a fiesta fair day in many villages and towns. Special: Tlaxcala, Amozoc (near Puebla) Río Verde near San Luis Potosí, and Zapopan, just outside Guadalajara, and Capacuaro, Michoacán. Most of these fiestas last several days. In some villages of the state of Tlaxcala, churches are covered with specially woven great carpets of flowers.

18 to 21 Junior National Championship meets in Swimming and Diving. CU pool, 3 pm daily, Sunday 11 am.

Sunday 21 The *conchero* (Conch) dancers commemorate the martyrdom of Cuauhtémoc at his statue in Mexico City. Along with dances, there is ritual reading of his life, in Aztec.

Saturday 27 (approximately) to end of month. Grape and wine festival in Parras, state of Coahuila, whose name means "grapevines" and which makes many of Mexico's best-known brandies.

Tuesday 30 Today, the devil has "permission" to go out of bounds, and rolls in the flower-beds, tips over the milk, throws things, trips pedestrians and makes people fight. Best to lie low. And cut your flowers and vegetables yesterday.



PREVIEW

(Continued)

Kalko's photographs of Mexican women. Colonial art, top works from the San Carlos Academy of Fine Arts. Engravings. Open 10 am to 5:30 pm. Closed Mondays.

Salón de la Plástica Mexicana, Puebla 154. August 1 to 17, paintings by Fanny Ravel. August 17 to September 1, Jim Byron. Open 10 am to 6 pm, closed Sundays.

MUSIC

University Symphony Orchestra: Sundays at 11:15 am in the Palace of Fine Arts auditorium, with permanent conductors José F. Vázquez and José Rocabrana; and guests.

Aug. 7: Guest conductor Leo Damiani, soloist Henryk Szeryng. Works by Garretta, Barber, Lalo and Rozsa.

Aug. 14: Guest conductor Helmuth Thierfelder, soloist Henryk Szeryng. Works by Weber, Ponce, Tchaikowsky.

Aug. 21: Guest conductor Helmuth Thierfelder, soloist Pierre San- can. Works by Haydn, Mozart, Brahms.

Aug. 28: Guest conductor Arturo Romero, soloist Walter Hautzig. Works by Beethoven, Lukas, Chopin.

Chamber Music: The distinguished Monday evening series. Weekly at 8:45 pm in the Sala Manuel M. Ponce of Fine Arts Palace. Programs feature unusual music and distinguished performance.

Aug. 1: Klara Kacz, pianist; Ernestina Perea, soprano, and Salvador Ochoa, pianist. Works by Liszt, Ireland, Beethoven, Schumann, Mahler, and contemporary Italian and Japanese composers.

Aug. 8: Singer Cristina Trevi; Fernando Puig and Armando Montiel Olvera, pianists, and the Bellas Artes trio. Works by young

High octane GAS



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PETROLEOS MEXICANOS

and talented Salvador Moreno, Brahms, Ravel, young and talented Obradors and Ponce, the beloved author of "Estrellita."

Aug. 15: Olga Enriquez, singer; and Armando Montiel Olvera, pianist. Works by Britten, Stravinsky, and "the songster of Upsala."
Conservatory Children's Choir.

Aug. 22: Salvador Ley, pianist. Works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Juan José Castro, Ricardo Castillo, Enrique Solares and Salvador Ley.

Aug. 29: Aurora Woodrow, singer, Salvador Ochoa, pianist, and the Bellas Artes trio. Works by Martinu, Halffter, Jiménez Mabarak, Mahler and Schubert.

Sala Chopin, Puebla and Insurgentes:
Aug. 9: Canadian pianist Ida Katrehm. Aug. 15: American pianist Charles Milgrim.

Popular Music: Music, songs and dances Sundays in the National Auditorium. Hours not yet definitely fixed.

THEATER

OPENINGS

The Hollow, Agatha Christie whodunit, opens new season at Players, Theater, Villalongin 32, August 9. Vail Morford directs; leading actors include Aenid McCrae, Guillermo Rivas, Katie Walch, James Greenaway, Constance Bouchier and others. Box office 25-31-56.

Separate Rooms, a comedy by Joseph Carole and Alan Dinehart, will be given by Mexico City College Players during first week in August. MCC Little Theater, Toluca Highway, Km. 16. Tickets at 15-11-45 or 25-18-00. 8:30 pm.

El Mercader de Venecia, Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* in Spanish. Directed by André Moreau, with Maria Douglas, Francisco Jambrina and Rodolfo Landa in the leading rôles. At the Palace of Fine Arts. Date to be announced.

El Marido, la Mujer y la Muerte, a comedy by André Roussin. With Lilia Prado and Miguel Manzano in the leads. Directed by Salvador Novo. Teatro 5 de Diciembre. Lucerna and Lisboa. 36-51-55. Exact date indefinite.

SHOWING

Cada Quién su Vida, a "comedy of manners" by the Mexican playwright Luis G. Basurto. With Carlos Navarro and Fernando Mendoza as stars. Directed by Fernando Wagner. Teatro Lírico. Hours to be announced.

La Casa de Té de la Luna de Agosto (*Teahouse of the August Moon*), Broadway hit by John Patrick, adapted from Vern Sneider's novel, translated into Spanish by Rodolfo Usigli. Producers Jean Dalrymple and Rita Allen, directed by Romney Brent, starring Rosita Diaz Gimeno, with Antonio Carbajal and other outstanding actors. At the Insurgentes Theater, Insurgentes 1587. Tuesdays through Saturdays. 7 and 10 pm; Sundays 5 and 8 pm. Box office 24-58-91.

La Otra Orilla, Spanish suspense comedy by López Rubio. With Lucy Gallardo, Victor Junco, Luis Aldas and Crox Alvarado, all movie stars. Directed by Julian Soler. Teatro Arena, Ignacio Ramírez and Reforma. 36-42-98. Weekday performances at 7:15 and 9:45 pm. Sundays 4:30, 7:15 and 9:45 pm.

Nina, a farce by André Roussin. Francisco Petrone directing and Nadia Haro Oliva, Carlos Riquelme and L.

Beristain starring. Teatro Arlequín, Villalongin 26. 36-86-73. Performances at 7:30 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 7 and 9:30 pm; closed Mondays.

Pájaro Azul. Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* performed for children. Starring Francisco Jambrina, Maria Douglas, Rodolfo Landa. At Palace of Fine Arts. Sunday afternoons through August.

Trece a la Mesa, by Marc Gilbert de Sauvajon. Director, Salvador Novo. Star, Marilú Elizaga. Transferred from La Capilla to the Caballito Theater, Rosales 26. 21-16-50. Weekday performances at 7 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 5 and 8 pm; closed Wednesdays.

Un Tal Judas, a drama about the Biblical character by Claude-André Puget and Pierre Bost. Translated into Spanish by Magda Donato. Starring and directed by Pedro López Lagar, with Ofelia Guilmain and Eduardo Vivas. Monday through

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Saturday, 7:15 and 9:45 pm; Sundays 5 and 8 pm. Trianon Theater. 14-99-27.

Vaudeville and Burlesque: Folies Bergere, G. Leyva 41; Teatro Margo, Aquiles Serdán 14; Tivoli, Libertad 9; Iris, Donceles 36.

SPORT

Baseball, typically North American, having arrived in Mexico from Cuba via the Yucatán Peninsula, is now nationally popular. The Mexican League, affiliated with organized baseball, AA classification, is now battling for league championship at Parque del Seguro Social, one of Latin America's most modern ball parks, corner Cuauhtémoc and Calzada del Obrero Mundial. Thursdays, Fridays and Mondays at 8:15 pm, Sundays at 11:15 am.

Boxing, Arena Coliseo, Perú 77. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9 p.m., 2 preliminaries, 2 semifinals, and a stellar fight.

Basketball, Federal District, Major League, championship playoffs, at National Auditorium, Paseo de la Reforma. Tuesdays and Fridays at 6:30 pm, 3 game programs.

Frontón (Jai Alai), lightning Basque game, with top ranking foreign and

Mexican players Urcola, Guara, Silverio, Ibarlucea, Ubeda, Elorduy, Zalsamendi, Echeverría and others. At Frontón Mexico, corner Ramos Arizpe and Plaza de la República, every day except Monday, at 7:30 pm. Three games, two *quinielas*, and a daily double. At Frontón Colón, Ignacio Ramírez 15, women players, using rackets instead of baskets, offer three matches beginning at 5 pm.

Soccer, Latin America's most popular game, at two of Mexico's most beautiful stadiums.

August 3, 21, and 31 at CU; and 7, 14, and 17 at Ciudad de los Deportes. Weekdays 8:30 p.m. Sundays 12 noon.

Tickets on sale at Federación Mexicana de Fútbol, Abraham González and Lucerna.

Volleyball, men's and women's Federal District championship games. Parque Deportivo, mixed games Thursdays at 6 pm and Saturdays at 5 pm.

Wrestling, Arena Coliseo, Perú 77. Standard grunting and groaning Sundays at 5 pm and Fridays at 9:30 pm. Tickets are available at the box office after 10 am on the day of the event.

BULLFIGHTS

In Mexico City, the *novillada* season continues, with novice *toreros* fighting yearlings. Sundays at 4 pm at Plaza México, Av. Insurgentes, Mexico's Number One bull ring, with star *novilleros*. Tickets on sale at Izazaga 23, 9:30 am to 1 pm and 3:30 to 7 pm Thursdays and Fridays; Saturdays from 9:30 am to 7 pm, Sundays from 9:30 am to 1 pm, and at the Plaza after 2 pm. At Plaza El Toreo, at Cuatro Caminos, preliminary *novilladas* Saturdays at 5 pm, scheduled *novilladas* Sundays at 4 pm. Slated for August, top ranking *novilleros* Raúl Márquez and Hebert Vega. Tickets on sale Thursdays at El Toreo from 10 am to 7 pm, Saturdays and Sundays after 2 pm. Rancho La Tapatia and Rancho del Charro also schedule *novilladas* frequently. Check with travel agencies.

HORSES

Charreadas (rodeo, Mexican style), Mexico's national sport, exciting, dangerous and colorful. Sundays from 11 am to 2 pm at Rancho La Tapatia, Calzada Molino del Rey; Rancho Grande de La Villa, at the "Green Indians" entrance from the Laredo highway; Rancho El Horniguero, Calzada Azcapotzalco, La Villa 80; Rancho Santa Anita, in Santa Anita, D. F.

LORE

Cockfights, Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays at San Bartolo Naucalpan, 10 miles beyond the suburb of Tlacuba.

Dances, Mexican Folklore Center, Circulo Rodem (Rotary Club), Londres 15. Native dances in costume every Friday at 9 pm. For reservations phone 25-09-20.

OPTICA MAZAL
MADERO No. 54 REFORMA AT MILAN

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UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF A
GRADUATE OPTOMETRIST

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE OF OPTOMETRY
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



We have got a little travel under our belts lately — the swivel sanitation that swings under the four-legged wash basin at the Ritz in Paris, the Persian rug on the bathroom floor at the Brasserie in Luxembourg, the Spielbank in Wiesbaden where all the roulette players use the same colored chips, the cleared-away rubble of Rotterdam — and we have come home to be assailed by the cocktail buffet.

Once we associated turkey with muzzleloaders, Pilgrims and one or two holidays a year, and ham with the Virginians. But after skirting the Americas from Nova Scotia to Tierra del Fuego and Santiago to Seattle, we are more than amazed at the migrations of these creatures. No matter how peeled, sliced, smoked, and garnished, they are near-death to the departing, intransit, or returning traveler, and we plead for a cease. Roast boar and preiselberren, please.

There is, to us, an unfortunate circuit-breakage in communication between the businessman of the direct approach, as he calls it, and the man whose approach and product is visual or aural. The businessman, by profession is a man of calculated risks, mistrustful of anything fanciful. He can be tolerant of Sir Winston at his easel, but only impatient of a subordinate who yields an inch to art. The artist, reckless of risk, is indifferent to the conventions. He will condemn a clerk and condone a Baruch, especially if he be a patron. We would like to see this nonsensical boil come down to a simmer. Meat and wine go very well together.

Letters

WIMMIN

Dear Miss Brenner:

Thank you very much for... *Mexico This Month*. It is so attractive and interesting I would not know where to begin to list its merits and appeal. The June number is especially interesting to club-women with whom I am in contact. The article on outstanding Mexican women fills a real need... I would appreciate it very much if you would send a sample copy of this number to the following persons... Sincerely yours,

Publications & Distribution Div.
Organization of American States.

Dear Miss Brenner:

I read, with a great deal of enjoyment and interest, the story titled *A Generation of Rebels*, by Emma Gutiérrez Suárez, and a previous story by the same author on the equestrian champion General Mariles.

...After reading Mrs. Suárez... I got interested in learning more about her... I understand... that she has managed to combine a successful career with her domestic one, and I'd be interested in knowing how she has done it. Why don't you give us the lowdown on this interesting person...

...Thanks a lot for helping me enjoy Mexico more through the things I have learned in your publication.

Very sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Mary Jane Webb México, D. F.
We're working on it.

AND MANGOES

Dear Anita Brenner:

I wasn't going to subscribe but you got me with the June issue... The article on Mexico's leading women appealed to the feminine in me... and the article on the Tarahumara runners appealed to the frustrated anthropologist... and finally the mango article... because I love mangoes!

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Ira Longman Philadelphia.



The *London Echo*, of London, Ontario, sent us a copy of their June 30 front page. It appears that the staff read *How to Eat*... stopped everything and rushed out to buy mangoes (60 cents each, Canadian). Above, Bill Bowron, "detail man" (or in other words Runner) takes the stance prescribed for he-men (*Muy machos*). Guess we'll have to put our runners on wings. Mangoes for Ontario. Sixty cents is too much.

MEXICO / this month

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EDITOR, Anita Brenner

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person to person ~

Eudora Garrett, whose fresh and exciting story about air-travel in remote and unexplored Mexico appears in this issue, died suddenly just before we went to press.

Miss Garrett was the sort of journalist who might be called "romantic;" the old-fashioned kind, to whom merely holding down a job and dishing out the words, and getting paid for it at the highest possible take, was not an acceptable way of life. She was an accurate, responsible reporter, clean about her facts and big in her feelings. A good soldier, fiercely devoted to her profession, and faithful to its ethical commands: to give the public her fullest measure of honesty and quality, whatever the pay.

Her life was therefore difficult: a long battle with poor health and scantiness, and with the slipshod and chaotic ways and beliefs of our time. She died of this: the endless daily battle of practical necessity against the standards of her conscience. Few journalists leave behind them so real a monument as hers: the respect of all her colleagues, for personal gallantry and professional decency.

American journalism, which enjoys high prestige here for the kind of principled reporting that Miss Garrett exemplified, lost some of this good repute recently because of stories appearing Stateside, comparable in vindictiveness and nonsense to the stuff the Moscow mills grind out about us.

They painted a horrendous picture of

this country on the skids, due to "leftism," "Socialism," "government interference," incompetence, disorganization, conspiracies against free enterprise, and similar old corn.

The same things exactly, could be written about the United States, with the same kind of material and methods. "Government interference with free enterprise" could be shown in the regulation of interstate commerce, utility rates, food and drugs, airlines, radio, T. V., professional practices... etc.; and "persecution" could be proved by just adding up the taxes. "Socialism," consisting of Federal bank aid in financing private business, could also be shown rife as anything. And for illustration of all this, good pictures could be taken of the Soviet flag flying high in Washington, and of Russians whispering ominously in the United Nations Building in New York.

It's childish. But also, destructive. A great deal of thought and money has been spent by the American government to build up confidence and neighborly relations. Americans living here, benefit by friendliness and lose by unfriendliness, between the two peoples. As a nation, the United States needs a good neighbor in Mexico just as Mexico needs this from the United States. Banner scareheads may perk up reader interest but they also stir up indignation here, and resentment, in which climate, the one enterprise that really stands to profit is the Moscow mill.

Don Julián Carrillo's piece of "Sound 13" music in our arts section this month, gives us a beautiful opportunity to introduce the fabulous Carrillos.

They are a numerous family of blithe spirits, who also happen to be, almost as a matter of course, authorities, celebrities, and prodigies. Don Julián's children include a son who is Secretary of the Treasury, another who is Rector of the University, another who heads a large industrial project, a daughter who is a distinguished concert pianist... and so it goes.

By now, the family has reached the dimensions and character of a clan, of which Don Julián is the patriarchal head. The Carrillos all look very much alike and talk the same brand of exuberant josh. Dr. Nabor, who is an accomplished singer and an international authority on subsoil dynamics, also plays the guitar and seldom misses a bullfight. The story goes that when his appointment as Rector was up for Presidential approval, somebody objected that a man who had been known to sing in public was not a suitable type for such a ceremoniously dignified position; to which the President is said to have replied, that he did not see wherein the possession of a good singing voice incapacitated a man from being a Rector.

There are hundreds of stories about the Carrillo "joie de vivre." Don Julián, a bubbling old gentleman whose age is apparent only in his shock of crisp white hair, has contributed the major share of lore and quotes. Typical remark, when asked what was the educational secret that produced so many brilliant successes among his children, "It's because I have behind me two thousand years of Indians who could neither read nor write."

News and Comment

POLITICS

A new chapter in the history of Mexico was begun on July 3, when for the first time women voted in a national congressional election.

Nearly four million registered, out of a total registration of 8,941,020. Sixteen were candidates for the National Chamber of Deputies (equivalent to the U.S. House of Congress) of whom four won seats.

Woman suffrage in Mexico did not come about in the same way as in the United States or other countries where it was a Constitutional battle over a long period of time. The Constitution of 1917, by which modern Mexico is governed, embodies all the aspirations and demands of the preceding revolution-civil war, including political equality for women. However, the right to vote had not been exercised on the national level, because the *reglamento*, or by-laws, often written after a law is passed, had not been fully formulated.

Underlying this phenomenon was the reluctance on the part of Mexico's political leaders to make woman suffrage effective, as it was feared that it might bring back the State-Church struggle for political control, which for generations and centuries made bitter and violent history.

The results of this election indicated, however, no large difference between the political thinking of the sexes. The PRI (*Partido Revolucionario Institucional*) which occupies a position in Mexican politics comparable to that of the Democratic Party in the U.S. South, mustered out the majority of women as well as men. The minority parties, *Partido de Acción Nacional* (PAN) which represents the extreme conservatives, and the *Partido Popular* (PP) which is vociferous "progressive", disputed, as usual, the opposition seats.

There was only one striking difference between this election and others: it was completely free of rowdiness at the polls. Women in the lines, it would seem, commanded more respect than had 20,000 soldiers. As if in anticipa-

tion, the Government had not ordered out the usual armed and armored forces to ensure law and order. Even policemen were conspicuous for their limited numbers.

"This doesn't seem like election day," observed one surprised bluecoat. "No shouting, no fistfights, and not one shot!"

Observing the inhibited, even gloomy, respectfulness of the men—for all the world like little boys near school-marms—one high-spirited old lady chuckled, raising voice and finger, "Look at 'em! Afraid!"

URANIUM

Six uranium deposits discovered in Mexico, among which three, in the state of Oaxaca, are among the most important in the world, according to Dr. Manuel Sandoval Vallarta, nuclear physicist and Sub-Secretaria of Education, throw into the forefront of world news Mexico's thoughtful and sharply delineated policies on nuclear energy and world peace.

The meeting here this month of the American Physicists' Society will bring to public attention that exploration for uranium, and research on its uses in peace, are both being carried on actively with government backing.

The recent speech of Foreign Secretary Dr. Luis Padilla Nervo at the tenth anniversary meeting of the United Nations Organization, underscored top Mexican thinking along these lines as follows: "...is it not paradoxical that the century of staggering technical and scientific developments should also be the century of rigidity in international politics? ...It was obvious as early as 1945 that a lack of balance existed between what we might call our mental habits in international politics and the new conditions created by science. This cleavage is wider today, and the dangers it carries are therefore greater..."

"We face once more the dilemma with which we were confronted in

1945: on the one hand, the policy of balance of power with its complicated schemes, which will transform the world into a vast military camp; on the other, the possibility of setting in motion the system of world security provided for in our Charter..."

"Mexico's position in the United Nations, in its broadest sense, has throughout been based on the conviction that the basic principles of the Charter constitute an indestructible whole, to be observed in full, the essential purpose of which is to protect the territorial integrity and independence of States, and thus to maintain international peace and security."

In twelve clipped sentences beginning with "We want..." as a resumé of U. N. O. directions, Dr. Padilla Nervo repeatedly emphasized territorial integrity and self-determination of peoples "in such a way that each can develop in accordance with its historical background, free from the threat of subversive tendencies and movements inspired and directed from outside."

With a history full of the bullet-marks of invasion and domination, Mexicans carry in the marrow of their bones and at every nerve-end a fighting feeling for national and individual freedom, and as regards uranium (or power in whatever form) "We want force to be used to serve and not to dominate peoples."

NOT A GIFT

Eloquently, in a speech characterized by his forthright habit of taking the bull by the horns, President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines last month told the national press how he feels about freedom: "...Without freedom of the press, we would not have in Mexico today, human dignity of the fundamental freedoms of expression, belief, and labor... there would be no progress nor any way to combat egoisms, fallacies and lies... Liberty is not a gift nor a privilege; it is a daily struggle in which victory must be achieved."

ALLEN PALMER

Blind and fatally ill, knowing the end of his life near, an American war-veteran, a newspaperman named Allen Palmer, threw his energies into thinking up and making real an organization called *Discojos*, which can be freely translated as "records for eyes." With the aid of his wife Barbara, an American born in Mexico, Palmer co-ordinated the good will of performers with the good will also of Columbia Records, thus making available free, for the blind, much pleasure otherwise out of their reach.

The facilities for entertainment and education of the blind are limited in Mexico. The country's needs are many and the cash to meet them goes primarily into intensive efforts to raise the national standard of eating, improving production, transportation, and health. Private wealth is not in general civic-minded, and although there are prominent men and women who give a great deal, they are a minority.

Palmer's idea taps the generosity of artists, who in every country as a rule respond generously to suffering... and so *Discojos* became a successful venture in a few months, operating from a small apartment. Last month the Palmers gave a party, at which the Mexican and American press, and the musicians and other stars who had made records, heard *Discojos*. Palmer hosted sitting in his wheel-chair, a happy man talking shop.

NOTE

August visitors interested in study possibilities, and who prefer the provinces, should add Pátzcuaro to their list. The school there is a baby, but has a brilliant staff of top Mexican intellectuals on its program. It is run as an extension of the State University of Michoacán. For information write to Professor R. Corona, Gabriel Mancera 249, México 12, D. F.

NATIONAL PANORAMA

This month, the President will pass on the by-laws (*reglamento*) of the "Law on New and Necessary Industry," which will then go into effect. Below is a resumé of official policy on the subject.

"The Law of New and Necessary Industries which substitutes the 1941 Law of Transformation (manufacturing) Industries, has as its fundamental object, to continue to give impetus to the industrial co-ordination and integration of the country, by bringing new factors to bear on stimulating investment in this field. To this end, experience on the functioning of the Law of 1941, now no longer in effect, has been gathered.

"Various aspects of the matter were taken into account. Of these, the most important are the following:

1. *To introduce standards to bring up the quality of products, whether intended for export or for internal consumption.*

2. *To extend franchises to activities not included in the former law, such as non-metallic minerals, industries needing subsidy in order to export, service-industries important for the economic development of the country, and assembly industries, if they utilize national products representing 60% or more, of the value in their production. The previous law allowed for exemptions up to a maximum of ten years. The new law extends this to fifteen years.*

3. *Yardsticks to measure the quantity and length of exemption franchises to be granted, are set up, based on the amount of investment, the consumption of nationally produced raw materials, the volume of labor, the degree of technical advancement to be utilized*

and the percentage of the national market they will supply.

4. *The law classifies industries as basic, semi-basic, and secondary; criteria by which is measured the length of time of the franchises granted.*

"The end-object to be pursued via the sacrifice of tax income by the National Treasury, is exclusively, to achieve increase of productive capacity and productivity, and in the final analysis the raising of the national standard of living, by means of new industry that encourages activities not yet in existence in the country, or of necessary industry that increases existing activity, insufficient however to satisfy the national demand. It is also proposed, to stimulate a greater volume of export.

"The volume increase and quality betterment desired are the central problem toward which the new law is directed. Therefore, it stimulates also the re-investment of profit obtained by the beneficiaries from this law. To sum up, the amount and extent of franchises granted depend on the degree to which each contributes to the technical, economic, and social improvement of production.

"The new law is the same as its predecessor, in that it establishes no differentiation or discrimination for the granting of exemptions and franchises, bearing on the origin of the capital invested; the same conditions and limitations, as well as tax exemptions, apply to all, whether nationals or foreigners.

These points, and the law in general, are fruit of conditions existing today, different from those of 1941, and for this reason the Government felt it necessary to develop a new law, utilizing the results of experience and embodying these in appropriate legislation.

The Arts

SOUND 13

Don Julian Carrillo, musician, composer, and researcher, is famous for a theory of music which he calls *Sound 13*. It is based on the idea of bringing composition, notation, and instrument-design closer to the discoveries of modern physics regarding sound. The point of departure is that notes as we know them, according to the Western scale, by no means represent the musical sounds available to the ear... there are many in between, which if used, would enrich composition and create a whole new era in the musical arts.

To introduce this new musical scale, and instruments to correspond, has been Don Julian's aim for many years. It amounts to nothing less than a revolution in Western music (or world-wide) which prospect, being a Mexican, he views with considerable delight.

Recently Don Julian has been ferrying to France and back, lecturing at the Sorbonne, where his theories created a sensation. In prospect, is a Conservatory, here or in France, for the study of the new music and its possibilities, according to *Sound 13*. Some composers have already been using the scale, and instruments—a harp and a piano, principally, have been made that can play it. Concerts of *Sound 13*, occasionally given here, attract a large and usually enthusiastic public.

Some time ago, *Mexico This Month* requested Don Julian to write us an article about *Sound 13*. He gave us a sheet of musical notation which, presumably, if you're a musicologist or even just a learned amateur, tells all.

The Editor

Allo solo.



"CRUZADA SONIDO 13"
DIRECTOR: JULIAN CARRILLO

Sancti Spiritus No. 13
San Angel, D. F.

Handwritten musical notation on five staves, featuring numbers 1 through 13 instead of traditional notes. The notation is signed "Julian Carrillo" and dated "1955".

Concierto para violonchelo en 12^{va} y 13^{ta} de tono.

MÉXICO. 1955

MUSIC

Lovers of chamber music will be happy that the Monday night series *Conciertos de Bellas Artes* has begun its second season of the year. Throughout August, until September 5, a number of good programs has been arranged. Especially noteworthy are recitals by Klara Kacz, a young British pianist, resident in Mexico, and Salvador Ley, pianist and teacher, formerly director of the National Conservatoire.

The enterprising nature of *Conciertos de Bellas Artes* has, as usual, ensured that several works will be heard in Mexico for the first time: piano music by John Ireland and songs by contemporary Italian and Japanese composers, on August 1; songs by Benjamin Britten on August 15. M. F.

On Thursday last, July 23, the Chamber Orchestra of the Manuel Ponce Musical Association, conducted by Salvador Ochoa, gave the first performance of *Three Pieces for String Orchestra* (Sonata, Arioso and Rondo), by Rodolfo Halffter.

A first performance of a Halffter work is always an important occasion, but this time the significance was greater than usual. Rodolfo Halffter, after many years as a composer in the contemporary Spanish idiom, has now emerged uncompromisingly as a follower of the "twelve-tone" method of composition, introduced by the late Arnold Schoenberg.

Rodolfo Halffter believes that the true genius of Spanish—and all other "Latin" music—need not be lost by a composer who uses the twelve-tone method, which has had predominantly Germanic associations since its discovery and first applications by Schoenberg, Berg, Webern and the Central European school. In his *Three Pieces*, and the previous *Three Album Leaves* for piano, introduced last year by Nadia Stankovitch, Rodolfo Halffter has shown that the clarity and grace of Latin music can be carried over into the "brave new world" of dodecaphony.

The Arts

J. L. Cuevas



"The Possessed." Water-color. Private collection, Paris.



Left: "Nymphomania." Drawing in Chinese ink. Collection Dallas Museum.



The "tragic sense of life" prescribed by Miguel Unamuno, Spain's great modern thinker, as the only philosophy reconcilable with the facts of human living, is exemplified to the nth degree by young José Luis Cuevas.

This artist, at the age of twenty-two, has already tasted the first-fruits of not only success, but fame. His recent exhibitions in Washington (Pan-American Union) and Paris, made noise in the art world; the critic Jean Cassou even went so far as to say, in headlines,

that Cuevas was the first big news in art since Picasso.

Cuevas is a younger son of an old-fashioned middle-class Mexican family. His outlook on life (and his face and manner too) remind one of the tragic musicians and poets of nineteenth century romantic Germany. His chosen subjects — people in suffering — are portrayed with compassion and power. Cuevas works in the tradition which produced a Goya and an Orozco. But he is very clearly a new talent.

Portraits

Self-Portrait, by Dr. Atl.



The INBA Gallery show of portraits, one of the most interesting exhibitions this season, brought to the public high points and side-lights from the work of artists well-known in other fields.

One of the most interesting was a portrait done in classic academic style — and with superb draughtsmanship — by the late great J. C. Orozco, demonstrating once again the old truism that great artists develop their own styles on the solid base of full command of their professional techniques

Portrait of Don Enrique Corcuera. Oil by José Clemente Orozco.



THEATER

This is a frank obeisance to the Instituto de Bellas Artes for its recent production of *Juana en la Hoguera*, which represented a rare opportunity for amateurs of the arts to enjoy a fusion of them all in so excellent a form.

Claudel's singularly moving poem, in the Spanish of Jesús Durón and to music of Arthur Honegger, enlisted all the talents available to the Instituto and we publicly express our gratitude for the back-breaking work and the devotion which yielded the best all-around performance seen by at least one member of the audience — one who has seen it in most of the capitals of Europe.

The National Symphony Orchestra, directed for these performances by Thomas Mayer, came forth as the fitting accompaniment, no more, to the drama which unfolded upon the stage. This unfolding made use of music; of voice, sung and spoken; and of ballet. The greatness was in the fusion — not coordination — perfect and discernible of all the contributing elements.

Thus the deep and constant cooperation that must have existed among Antonio López Mancera, *escenografista*, dramatic director Celestino Gorostiza, and the musical conductor did not go unrewarded for nowhere can there have been a more disciplined or a more beautifully integrated performance of *Juana*.

If one performer, or contributor, is to be singled out for special praise, and it is indeed difficult to choose, it must be María Douglas. Remembered warmly for her performances in *Medea* and *Streetcar*, which can only be called great, she brought to the role of the virgin of Domrémy a warmth, a youth, and an understanding that are still to be equalled by a Bergner, a Cornell, or a Bergman.

And now a plea to the Bellas Artes: a performance, with Miss Douglas, of G. B. Shaw's *St. Joan*, or Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine*, or Jean Anouilh's *L'Alouette*. M. G.



in the
ring

There she sat, looking like a child in her pink-and-white checked nightie. A bullfighter, no less. Born in Pennsylvania. Age twenty-four, weight 118 pounds, name Bette Ford. Well started on the Broadway-Hollywood-and-T. V. ladder when she happened to come to Mexico for a two-week vacation.

That was in June two years ago. Today she is a *novillera*, the equivalent, in the ring, of a starlet; and with a record that for a normal aspirant — that is, male and Latin, would be considered pretty close to born genius.

Her chances are good for making it to the Plaza México, this summer, which for bullfighters, is the same as Carnegie Hall for musicians; and it would be the first time in bullring history for an American girl. With luck, next season she may be accepted as a full-fledged *matador*.

Who decides this? Public acclaim and the confidence of whichever leading and accepted *matador* godfathers her by granting her the *alternativa*. This is a ceremony very similar in essence, to the medieval granting of knighthood, and is of equally solemn significance. It is similar also, in that the elder sponsor hands the young initiate his *matador's* sword.

A strange career for a pretty girl; and yet somehow completely appropriate to the character of this particular girl. Bette became a bullfighter, she says, on the day, hour, instant indeed, when she saw her first fight. She dropped everything — fun, friends, rest, commitments in New York, and threw herself headlong into study and training for this art. The past became

meaningless. Nothing mattered but the ring. It was exactly, she says, like falling in love. Or like becoming a nun.

Apparently, whether because she feels so intensely about it, or perhaps because she is a born artist, Bette turned out to be a "natural," with the qualities that make a bullfighter good, and the capacity to work strenuously for perfection that drives artists in every field. A girl, however, and American at that, has to overcome the perfectly natural suspicion of the public that perhaps she isn't the real thing, and motivated only by exhibitionism. She has to be better than good, to hurdle this.

Close up, Bette is anything but the flamboyant spotlight-addict type. She lives by discipline. She has to. One flaw in judgment, one misstep, can cost your life in this strange combination of theater, ballet, duel and rite that is called bullfighting.

Up at six a.m. for a light breakfast, Bette first makes rounds of her old hacienda house in Villa Obregón, precise and perfectionist in this too. By mid-morning she has seen to the details of a well-ordered household, and departs for the ring, where she spends four hours minimum, training. Next, a bath and a hearty lunch, and then two hours of intensive Spanish. After that, if she has no appointments in town, she invades the laundry or the kitchen, dumb-founding her servants by doing domestic chores — ironing a blouse, or whipping up something good for her pets, which are five pampered French poodles.

At nine p.m. our girl is in bed with

Prize for performance: two ears. The bullfight public, implacably contemptuous of performers or bulls who "chicken" or fumble, is also wildly appreciative of bravery, precision and beauty in this dance of death. Judges who umpire the spectacle award recognition by granting the fighter parts of the bull, according to the following scale: excellent, one ear; very beautiful, two; magnificent, ears and tail; superb, the hoof. Bette's record: 18 performances, 27 ears, 6 tails.

Below: the kill. Her costume is classic Andalusian. The wear and tear, routine in young performers, lessens as they approach the hieratic precision of the great matadors.



the well-deserved luxury of tea and toast served to her. Then reads a bit with some hot jazz tuned in, and, finally, sleeps.

This is the routine day. When a fight is scheduled, the pitch of discipline and training is raised a few notches. The hours in the ring are almost doubled. Costumes must be selected and fitted. Bulls need to be observed and bought. Team-work with her crew made smoother. Every factor coordinated towards the moment of performance—or, as the bullfighters call it, "The Hour of Truth."

Once on the scene of the fight, the emotional tension can reach the

snapping point. It becomes a time lived at the level of almost a scream. Bette has never been known to do precisely that, but on one occasion she whacked an interfering fellow over the head with a tennis racket—and how that bit of incongruous equipment happened to be there, I'll never understand.

Just before the fight Bette follows the routine of most performers. She rests, bathes, and dresses very carefully in the outfit for the day. "Green is one of my favorites... the beige is for when I feel insecure... the white for gala... the black for the most formal."

On her way to the ring Bette stops once, either in the hotel chapel or some small church en route. She makes her final prayers... and from here on, nothing exists but the ring, the bulls, the public, and herself in the ring facing the public and in the hands of God.





Monterrey residents as well as tourists visit, the beer garden where free samples are dispersed from a mammoth barrel

The Monterrey Weekend is a Texas institution; less historic than the Alamo, but more amusing. Every Friday afternoon, Texans stream through the border towns of Laredo, McAllen, Brownsville and smaller ports, and 90 per cent of them, according to the Mexican Consul at McAllen, state destination Monterrey.

Monterrey, a modern industrial city tinged with breathtaking blue mountains, is a conservative town. Its families live quietly and according to strict and ancient customs, which decree that a man goes home for dinner at noon, a woman appears in public dressed as a woman, and a girl's infrequent dates

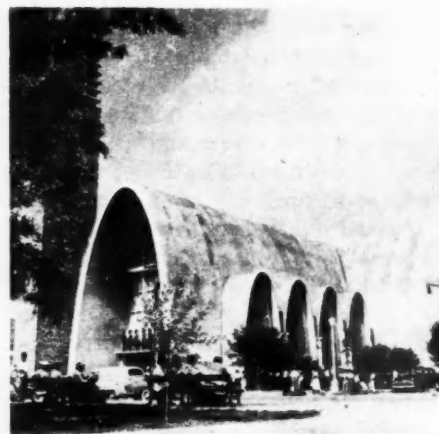
are thoroughly chaperoned. But in contrast with the tranquil and retiring life of its residents, the city goes all out in hearty *norteño* style to make visitors welcome.

In a practical way, welcome means fine hotels and restaurants, at pleasantly modest prices. It also means a chance to share in traditions like Sunday evening promenades in the park, lingering looks at the moon from horse-drawn carriages, and brew-sampling (some of the world's best, and free) in a shaded beer garden.

As a shopping center, the city has stores well stocked with the arts and fashions of the country, as well as

What do tourists do on a warm evening in Monterrey? Full house at the Carapan's colorful small bar gives one answer.

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Yarbrough of Mission, Texas, sample spray from multi-streamed Horsetail Falls.



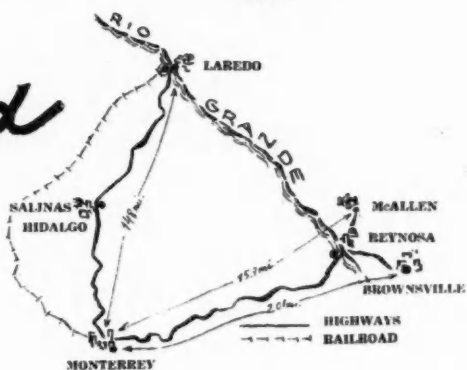
One of Mexico's oldest cities, Monterrey is as modern as the concrete curves of La Purisima church, new landmark in the thriving state capital.



From Laredo Air Force Base and fresh from Garza Caves are Dick Krebs, of Mercersburg, Pa., Bob Buzan, Oceanport, N. J., and Jim Kenna, Pittsburgh, Pa. waiting for a rail ride down the steep slope.

Monterrey

Weekend



Mr. and Mrs. Noah Beever, of Corpus Christi, Texas, try out one of the city's vintage horse-and-carriages.

Monterrey-made. And for sightseeing, there are exciting examples of modern Mexican architecture, notably *La Purisima* church and the mural-fronted Technological Institute.

But by and large, first-time weekenders spend as much time outside the city as in it. Monterrey's mountains are full of spectacular places to visit. Tops are Huasteca canyon, a gorge between towering slabs of rock; lofty Horsetail Falls, and stalactite-riddled García Caves, which are reached by a dizzying swoop of funicular railroad. The heights of Chipinque also attract visitors by the day and weekend.

For delvers-into-the-past, Monterrey's

history, written in buildings and ancient streets, turns a weekend into a treasure hunt. The city was founded in 1596, primarily as a fortress against marauding plains Indians. From then on it grew as a frontier trading post, remaining a strong military camp.

Yet it's neither history nor scenery that brings weekenders back to Monterrey time after time, to the point where many of them look on the city as a second home. One steady visitor is Eddie Thompson, who drives down from McAllen six or eight times a year. Some 20 years ago, on one of his first trips, Thompson dreamed up a dish he calls Cuban steak — filet

Continued on page 26

Engineer Jaime Maya points out cave construction to his wife Silvia in stalactite-riddled García Caves. The two were tourists from Mexico City weekending in Monterrey.

Charlotte Timmons, of Birmingham, Ala., and Wayne Hollingsworth, of Laredo, Texas, choose horses for the trek to Horsetail Falls. Other visitors ride burros, or walk the winding trail.



m Gar... at Sanborn's, Mrs. Gene A. Miller of Marlin, Bob... is calm and cheerful after a morning spent shopping. Mr. Miller went along.

AIR TAXIS

Jungle-hoppers and peak-hurdlers bring the remote peoples of Old Mexico to the twentieth century



Photo by Prieto Argüelles.

First helicopter lands at Mitla ruins near Oaxaca.

Thousands of square miles of almost unvisited territory lie within Mexico's boundaries, shut off from road and rail communication by mountains, jungles and swamps.

Strange and unforgettable sights await wanderers to these regions. They have been described by explorers, promoters, students, officials, and an inevitable number of writers and artists who always get around. But the average visitor to Mexico, no matter how whetted his appetite to follow in their footsteps, has quailed before the talk of long and laborious trips on foot, by burro or horseback, over near-impossible trails.

Today that average visitor can simply jump into a taxi and land right in the middle of worlds that are new and exotic to him, but very old in time and tradition.

This magic-carpet vehicle is one

of Mexico's fast-growing fleet of air taxis, now landing on hundreds of primitive air-strips in these remote settlements throughout the country. Carrying passengers or cargo, and usually both, their skillful, friendly pilots accept *turistas* bound for fresh adventure with the same aplomb they show in loading bags of coffee and mounds of handicrafts, chickens or a live pig all bound for market.

Passenger lists may include one or more colorfully-costumed Indians who live in such isolation that they speak no Spanish and have little conception of what we lightly call modern civilization. Their cultures are centuries old. Air taxis have jumped them ahead by several hundred years with on intermediate stages of wagon, buggy, automobile or train.

Yet this "miracle from the skies" is accepted with total equanimity by the

Indians, in the Indian way, while first-time visitors to their country are excited beyond expression. It's no wonder. The hop from Yucatinda to Yuta, for instance, or from Tututepec to Cahuatepec, actually brings no more startling experience to the tourist than an air trip from New York to Washington would bring to the Indian, but newcomers haven't time to think of that. And contrasts here are violent: next jump from a cluster of straw-thatched huts may drop you into a modern settlement with all comforts, built by some industrial, oil or mining enterprise now intensively organizing to develop the tremendous potential riches of such regions.

There are few rules for authentic air taxi travel in Mexico. First, the passenger must discard all idea of individual preference in just about everything.

Types of planes available on these branch routes depend on destinations and that only; there is no choice about the matter. Where it's difficult to find even a thousand feet of level ground in the mountains or dry land in the swamps, only single-engine cub planes — and now helicopters being tested for extensive future routes — can be used. In easier terrain, types like the maneuverable Cessna 170 are practical. For travel that's almost cittedled, there are the bigger DC-2s and DC-3s.

Though Mexico's inter-city plane traffic is as well-organized and modern as any in the world, conditions outside these routes often are reminiscent of the barnstorming days in the U.S. after World War I. None of the small new airstrips is paved, has lights or radio communication, though these facilities are on the way. Livestock may have to be buzzed off the field if the usual crowd of onlookers hasn't arrived to help. There may be a building called an airport; if not, one will be built by people of the region as their own contribution to the Communications Ministry's effort to bring air service to all otherwise inaccessible parts of Mexico.

Photo by Mary
St. Albans.

By Eudora Garrett

As to schedules, passengers should keep printed ones — if there are any — as souvenirs. Those fascinating place names are certain; times of arrival and departure are not. When the Civil Aeronautics Commission under General Alberto Salinas Carranza (himself a pioneering pilot) grants concessions and permits for these small lines, a schedule is set up, but officials know that a company making too many flights without payloads soon would go broke. So pilots wait for passengers or cargo, and sometimes on the weather; they report few objections to such delays as there's plenty to see on these routes.

In lieu of definite schedules, your best bet is to establish close contact with the nearest airport of any size, making inquiry at frequent intervals about air taxi flights. Anybody who is in a hurry can ask for charter service, available almost everywhere and at surprisingly low costs.

All this sounds unsafe or uncertain? Here's news: The safety record of these flights over unexplored Mexico is one of the best in the world. Accidents are almost unknown. Guillermo Prieto Argüelles, brilliant young engineer in charge of Airports for Gen. Salinas, offers the explanation that pilots are far more cautious and careful, flying under these conditions, than if they were being brought in on a beam to land on perfect pavement or concrete. He notes, in addition, that they know their engines as well as mechanics, and they know the terrain they're flying.

It's also a fact that the crews of men who fly these routes are among the finest pilots in the world. Compañía Mexicana de Aviación, which touches at all the larger airports in Mexico and many smaller ones, has 24 fliers with more than 10,000 hours flying time, eight with more than 15,000 hours and one, Capt. Arturo Jiménez Nieto, has logged 22,000 hours in the air. Pilots of the "milk routes" also have records such as these, even though their jobs don't pay much. The

career offers a kind of last-frontier excitement, and though they indulge no "scuttlebutt" about it, these fliers know what their work means to the future of Mexico and they're determined to make it a safe one.

Arrivals at these small fields means circus-day excitement to the inhabitants. Usually every villager makes an appearance; if there's a fiesta, superbly-clad dancers will be in evidence. There'll be high animation while livestock is loaded; sometimes the chickens escape or the pig resists being shoved into his quarters.

Where automobiles exist, every taxi in town will race out to the field, more to see the show than to look for passengers. Or the passenger may ride to the village in a truck — for a peso, or about eight cents. At Huimanguillo, in Tabasco, planes taxi right up to the city hall to unload. Residents around the Palenque archeological zone are accustomed to chartered planes now,

but in lesser known sites now being made accessible by air, archeologists and ethnologists and plain sightseers still are treated as strange beings from another world.

Mexico now has more than 500 landing fields. Of these, only those in larger cities have the facilities which are taken for granted in the States.

Many of these small settlements now being reached are getting their first postal service (and it is air mail!), hearing their first radios, and are hearing about their first schools, soon to be built. One "pilot project" in Oaxaca, called the "Mixtecas," is incorporating 19 villages into a network of air service around three central points where the Pan American Highway or the railway make contact; those airstrips will all be completed this year. Nobody got into these mountainous settlements except over tortuous trails up to now, some of them so steep and



Photo by Mary
St. Albans.



Air taxis reach primitive regions where transportation is still burro, costumes Balinese, footpaths the only roads.

narrow that even animals could not pass. Only men climbing sheer walls of mountains.

At the location of the new titanium mine in Oaxaca, the top of a mountain was blasted off to make enough level ground for an airstrip; equal difficulties have been surmounted in other places where rich mineral deposits, oil or valuable crops, chicle, fine woods and other products can be developed and brought to market only by air. Before the past war, Hitler was drinking coffee from Pluma Hidalgo, Oaxaca (one of the finest-flavored coffee

beans known in the world). It was shipped via Puerto Escondido. But the President of Mexico couldn't drink it —no transportation this way!

Significance of air taxi service for archeologists and other researchers is incalculable. Bonampak soon will be a "tourist stop," as well as Mayan sites throughout Yucatán and on into Guatemala.

The first "air taxi" was used to carry payrolls of American Oil companies from Tampico to the Pánuco fields in the early '20s, to avoid danger of bandits and hold-ups, common in those

days. Then charter service became popular in the southern states of Chiapas, Tabasco, Veracruz and Oaxaca, and later in Yucatán and Quintana Roo —to reach places which could not be reached except by air. Francisco Sarabia, Mexico's great air hero, pioneered most of these routes.

Air travel costs are far lower than in the States and most other countries due to lower prices on fuel, labor and operating expenses. The popular one-hour "big time" flight to Acapulco is made for less than ten dollars. Adventurous spirits are advised to look into a round-about journey to that port that costs less than thirty dollars.

For that you take a LAUSA lines plane to Oaxaca; from there the same line has a flight to Acapulco, with seven stops en route, that's worth a million dollars in new experiences. Those wanting to try hard-way exploring experiments can launch off from any of these villages on foot or by horseback and find everything from all-Negro villages to several in which the women dress Balinese style.

Mexico's Communications Ministry is pushing air travel projects intensively, looking to national and international tourist trade, as well as the social and economic betterment of the country and people. Latest announcements concern the first helicopter company to win a concession; it's called Heli-Mex, S. A., and plans to service 208 settlements in three southern states with seven 8-passenger "helis" and nine three-passenger craft as soon as delivery can be secured —probably by early 1956. Other companies are asking for permits. Test flights produced highly satisfactory results, and some charter trips already are available.

And when a Mixtec Indian steps into this strange craft at a village long lost in the mountains of Oaxaca, he travels fast not only in space but in time, crossing centuries in one instant. As do you, landing in Palenque, Bonampak, or Village X.



Chickens, unaware they're flying, are air-taxed from small villages to the nearest town serviced by trucking or rail transportation. Carrying charges are thus kept minimum.

Photo by Mary St. Albans.

One Man's Fish

By Sheldon Bren

Fishing in recent years has become so complex a venture that a great many people are under the impression that only a millionaire who skips a twin-screw power cruiser with a ship-to-shore radio can properly enjoy this age-old sport. This may be the order of the day in some places, but most certainly not here in Mexico. On the contrary, some of the finest fishing a man can desire is available at very reasonable cost, and within a few hours drive from Mexico City.

Interested? Let me tell you about Zihuatanejo; a sleepy village, formerly the haven of *conquistadores*, pirates and bandits. But these unsavory former occupants have long since polished their bones in the history



books. Today the port of Zihuatanejo leads a picturesque and matter-of-fact existence, flanked by rows of coconut palms and low rambling hills; a seaside town not yet "discovered" by tourists. Zihuatanejo is the poor man's Acapulco. Of course, if you want to mambo all night and really live it up, then you would be wiser to pass up this place. But if it's fishing you're after, the lack of night life will not particularly concern you.

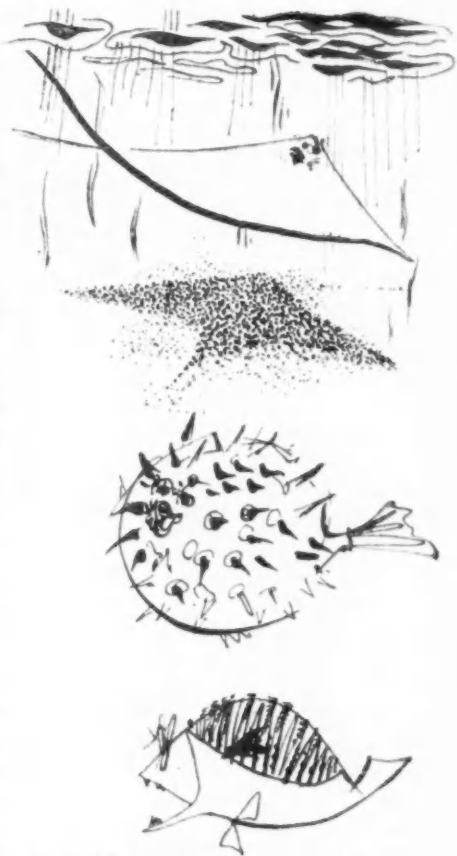
Zihuatanejo is on the Pacific coast, about 150 miles due north of Acapulco. There is a road connecting the two towns, but it is in extremely poor condition after last year's floods, and we don't recommend this grueling eight hour drive. Better to take the plane which leaves Acapulco three times weekly, hedge-hopping the breakers which provides a scenic thrill as well as cool comfort. The roundtrip plane fare from Acapulco to Zihuatanejo

is 110 pesos and worth every centavo. Bus service is also available, but because of the frequent stops and the road, the argument in favor of the continual jostling caused by the rocky air trip grows more convincing.

But it's another sport we're concerned with, so let's get into that interesting subject. Zihuatanejo offers excellent "small fishing." By this we mean fish from four to forty pounds. For the angler who likes to troll, there are two cruisers fully equipped for offshore trolling for marlin and sailfish. But this article is beamed to the man with a limited budget; and for this fellow, Arend von Reigen, the genial owner of the Las Palmas Bungalows, has comfortable plywood 18-foot launches. These craft are canopied for protection against too much sun, and are powered with 10hp Johnson outboards. We fished from just such a rig and found it satisfactory in every respect. The charter fee is 25 pesos per hour and about 3 or 4 hours is all the time required to fill the cockpit with sierra, bonita, picuda, pargo and many other types of game fish.

The skippers are 'teen-age villagers who were literally spawned in a dug-out canoe and their facility with boats and their ability to locate feeding fish are little short of miraculous. Silvano, a personable 17-year-old lad, was our guide, and he really showed us some plain and fancy fishing spots.

Perhaps the most important thing in the mind of a fisherman is what size and type of fish will he be likely to catch, and what kind of tackle, baits, and lures does he require. For the fishing around Zihuatanejo light tackle is the thing — nine thread line, six ounce rod, and star drag reel with 300 yards of line. Add the usual assortment of feather jigs, a couple of N° 5 Record Spoons, some extra piano wire to re-wire the leaders on the jigs, a few snelled hooks, size 2/0, and you have all the makin's for a lot of sport!



The thing we like most about Zihuatanejo is that it is not necessary to cruise miles and miles to the fishing spots. Drop your feather astern as soon as the boat clears the little wooden pier, and brace yourself; a strike is likely at any moment now. Another good feature is that wonderful fishing may be enjoyed every month in the year, with sierra, those stream-lined voracious fighters, ranging from 4 to 25 pounds always on hand to keep the angler busy. Bonito, picuda (barracuda), jurel (yellowtail), pargo, roosterfish and dorado (dolphin) are abundant and make up the average haul.

We caught one rare (for us) specimen which Silvano labled *pargo medrigal*. This tireless fighter resembles an amberjack in skeletal structure and is colored a delicate lavender. Our fish weighed 15 pounds and when we peered into the deep blue water and

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watched him coming to gaff, we were amazed that he wasn't twice the size, judging from the scrap he put up.

For the fisherman who is prone to mal-de-mer and has to do his fishing from *tierra firme*, there is superb bottom fishing within a ten minute walk from the pier. All one has to do is to have one of the boys with the throw-nets make a couple of tosses from the rocks and the bait problem is solved. Bait one of these fresh sardines onto a 2/0 hook with a three foot leader, cast it out, and before the bait hits bottom you'll have a hit. This method of angling is the one the market fishermen employ and judging from the size and variety of their catches, it's a good one. Pargo, red snapper, halibut, and dozens of different species of edible rockfish comprise the catch.

Incidentally, all the fish you catch at Zihuatanejo are excellent table fare, and while we're on the happy subject

of eating, you'll be pleased to know there's a splendid restaurant, the Belmar, where they will cook your fish to order while you sit in the patio beneath the swaying palms and sip your favorite *refrescos*. The meals are decidedly above the average and dinner at 7.50 pesos is most reasonable for the quality and the size of the servings.

The wife and children, if they're not inclined to fish, may amuse themselves by swimming in the calm waters of the land-locked bay—no undertow. My wife and I fished in the mornings and whiled away the afternoon flaked out in a hammock swung in a huge banyan tree at the water's edge.

Accommodations at Zihuatanejo are not pretentious, but they are clean, comfortable, and quite reasonable. We paid 15 pesos per night for a lattice-walled room with twin beds. Below, were the bathers on the beach and the white boats bobbing at anchor on the beautiful emerald green bay.



EVANGELISTS



The iron broom of the Government of the Federal District, sweeping up clutter in the streets and markets, from time to time also sweeps "clutter" of customs that date back for centuries, and that are intertwined with the flavor and character of this country. Recently, the broom reached the Plaza of Santo Domingo, focussing popular and press attention on its "Evangelists." Here is a description of who and what they are.

By José de la Colina

The Plaza of Santo Domingo in the heart of Mexico City is a piece of colonial Mexico—and a living remnant too, of three hundred years ago. It has a church—baroque, of course; a hoary building that once housed the Inquisition; and a statue of the *Corregidora*, a lady celebrated for her leading role in the making of Mexico's independence. The statue doesn't do her justice; she looks more like Punch's Judy in it than the stout hearted heroine she was.

Several of the streets around the Zócalo lead into this full-of-story square. It is not a quiet sheltered spot. On the contrary, all day long it is crossed by hundreds of vehicles as well as by vociferous and heterogeneous crowds. Across from the Palace of the Inquisition and among the arcades of an antique edifice are the evangelists.

This title, *evangelista*, may sound a little strange for these times and to un-Mexican ears. Originally Evangelist meant a writer of Epistles (the Biblical

Epistles are called *Los Evangelios* in Spanish). But these evangelists are neither apostles nor preachers. They are scribes, yes. Public letter and document writers, who were therefore called by their classic Spanish name. Their business was, and is, to transcribe the words of others.

Fifteen or twenty of them are lined up under the arcades. Their equipment, which used to consist of a quill and pouch, is now a battered wooden table, a typewriter—generally an old model, an Oliver or one of the first Remingtons—a pile of paper, envelopes of various hues, and a chair for the client. Each evangelist has between twenty-five and eighty customers a day. Twenty-five to eighty people of all ages and professions, of all social classes. They come to dictate a fragment of their daily history in the form of a personal letter, or a petition to the authorities. Some are students too poor to own a typewriter, who have a university thesis to present, and some

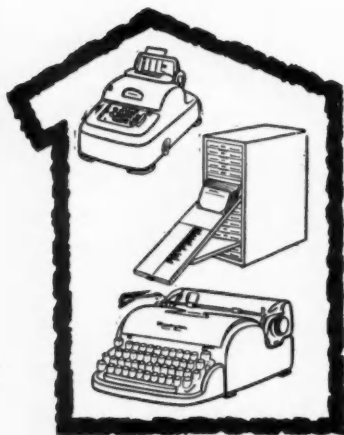


Drawings by VLADY

may be writers or poets, who have wares to sell.

But the most thriving trade of the evangelists has always been, and still is, love letters, which they take from a book of Victorian models, choosing the degree of warmth indicated by their customer. It's not at all unusual for the evangelist to carry on both sides of such a correspondence, from the first tentative steps of introduction to the proposal of marriage, and its acceptance. The love letters of great poets or writers of the past, incorporated now in the "sample book," are thus used in many lives.

The evangelists themselves seldom have any contribution to make. They



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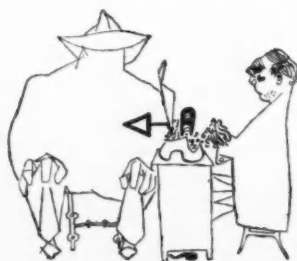
are blasé. They have written their stereotyped version of almost every human drama, tragedy or comedy over and over. Writing about other people's problems is their living, like cutting hair, counting out money or pulling teeth. They charge a peso forty centavos a page, same rate for love, news of a death, or "please remit."

The typical evangelist is an oldish man, usually either very fat or excessively thin. They all wear thick glasses and threadbare clothes, reminiscent of the clerk in Gogol's *The Overcoat*.

An average day will find a *criada* dictating a letter to her boy friend in the provinces, twisting her long braids in embarrassment at one table, a farmer in a palm hat writing his son about the cotton crop at another. A relic of the splendors of Porfirio Diaz will punctuate his flowery petition for the return of some property with fierce twists of his mustache. Down the line a schoolboy is reading out the interminable paragraphs of his home work. And at the end table an evangelist is transcribing the verses of a poet from grubby sheets of paper.

Across the way is a battered hand press. So, after his poetry has been neatly typed, the poet can buy his own version of glory publishing and give printed copies to the critics and his friends. The songwriter peddles his. Accompanied by a musician, he makes his hopeful tour of markets, cafes, parks, and nowadays also, radio stations.

The sun splashes on the cobblestones and lays a thick layer of light over the ant-hive of a plaza. It picks out the fingers of the evangelists busy over the keys in incessant rhythm. Their machines add a modern note; but they are as much a part of the plaza as it once was, as the Inquisition Palace and its crumbling church.



Quote Worth Remembering

"The greatest tribute we can render to liberty is the effective exercise of human rights."

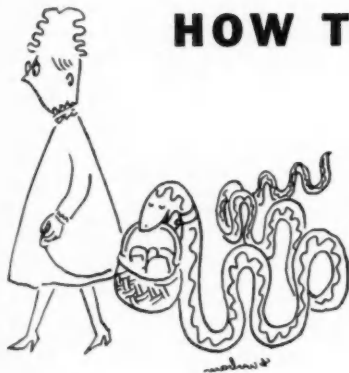
ADOLFO RUIZ CORTINES

PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

to Mexican and foreign newsmen on Freedom of the Press Day, June 8, 1955.

This advertisement is sponsored as a public service by the Compañía Hidro Eléctrica Queretana, S. A.

HOW TO LIVE WITH A SNAKE...



There is a long-felt need, we believe, for technical know-how on the subject of how to live with a snake. Modern life offers many situations in which how to deal, get along with, and most of all, gentle a snake, is not only handy, but also necessary and valuable.

Science has grappled with and conquered many much more complex problems than this, and above all has taught us to approach frightening phenomena rationally, clear-eyed and steady-handed. But in regard to snakes, there remains a widespread squeamishness. Monkeys, parakeets, possums, even jaguars, are accepted as charming little pets. Snakes are outcasts. Taboo. Therefore we grow up totally ignorant of their nature and habits, and unprepared for them in our adult life.

India, we know, literally swarms with people who possess the secret of how to croon, coax, hypnotize and teach the serpent so that it becomes not only harmless, but an asset to humankind. Did you know that here in America there are many people who also share this ancient wisdom? Simple folk. Primitives perhaps. But we have much to learn from them. Even those among us who may consider themselves experienced in the ways of snakes, and qualified authorities on how to live with them.

In the Texas countryside, a certain variety of serpent called the bull snake is frequently a part of the integral economic unit. A member, not of the household perhaps, but certainly of the barnyard, whose value lies in that

it keeps away or exterminates rats. Such households, when they move, always take the snake along.

Here in Mexico, the modern Western prejudice against snakes is shared only by city-dwellers. In the country, the ancient custom of keeping a snake as an honored or cherished belonging, is still a part of everyday ranch life. This is so particularly in the tropics. Here, showing the results of patience, fearlessness, and understanding, one finds serpents used in many ways beneficent and entertaining to mankind. First of all, as guardians of the house, driving away or consuming, pests of many kinds; and second, as attractive, or at least interesting, pets and playmates. Is this not a fascinating possibility for anyone?

Is it well, in preparing to experiment with or adopt this custom, to choose your snake carefully. Do not start with rattlesnakes. They are short-tempered and unreasonable. Nor should you

allow yourself to decide on the basis of size, in order to fit your apartment more conveniently. As a rule the smaller the snake, the less desirable it is in close quarters.

The best choice, following the experience of Mexican custom and also, Texas habit, is a large snake, of the constrictor family. These average about twelve feet long, and six inches or so, across. Although possibly a little bulky for small apartments, you will find they accommodate to almost any corner, move quickly and gracefully out of the way, and above all, even when irritable, do not bite. They hug instead, gently crushing their prey in their all-enfolding hold.

This need not happen to you, and will not, if the serpent has been properly domesticated from its infancy. As a matter of fact, even if you happen to obtain an adult snake for your first venture in this realm, you will probably find it has no interest whatsoever in

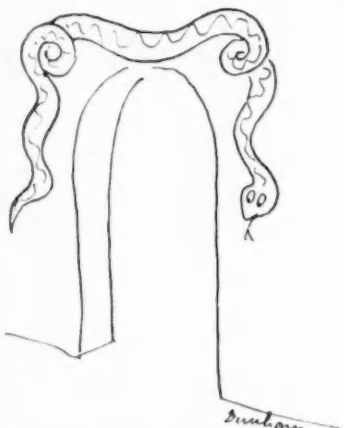


hugging you. Small prey, such as mice or baby fowl, is preferred. It is less trouble to enfold and digest. A bowl of oatmeal or a bottle of milk is even more welcome.

Thus, your first approach and fundamental rule is clearly indicated: feed it.

Next comes the post-prandial nap; from which your serpent, if it is a healthy specimen, will awaken bright-eyed and merrily ready for play. Give it scope in its play, and toys. Appropriate objects; things it can enjoyably hug and crush.

You may discover that as your serpent approaches its flannel baby rabbit or chick, it whistles and sings. Do not be startled. This is normal for serpents on the prowl. Encourage it. Give it applause and praise. Who



knows? Perhaps *your* snake will find in itself, and develop, talents in tonal range and composition that will pay off, in entertainment and pleasure, to while away your loneliest hours.

Having learned from personal experience that what your serpent wants is to be fed and played with, and the snake having in its turn learned that this is what it can expect to receive from you, what may be called a good relationship, rapport, or transference, has been established. You may now proceed to teach it, beginning with easy feats, and working up, via food, play, praise, and encouragement, to more and more complex performances, in which the usefulness and pleasure

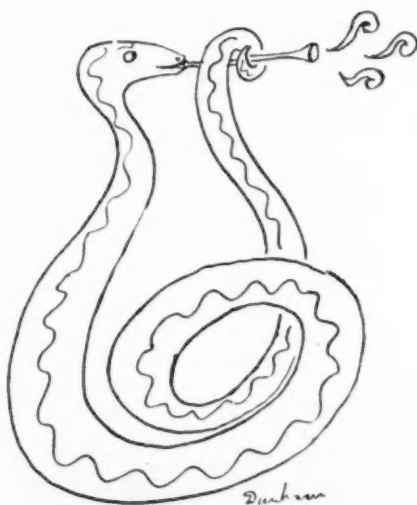


of the snake to you, increase in proportion to the development of its own powers.

At this point, the possibilities of the serpent in the home become limited only by its size and shape, in ratio to your own imagination and patience in its teaching. One of our friends, a rancher, who happens to enjoy gymnastics very much, trained his serpent to act as equipment: becoming a swing, chin bar, or spiral ladder, as needed. Or in other words, a jungle-gym.

Another of our friends, an artistic type, trained *his* serpent to act as decoration. He found this not only pleasing to the eye, but very useful when he happened to be away, and wanted his house well taken care of.

Serpents, and especially the larger, lazier, and therefore more amiable varieties, share with humankind the



trait of intense and irrepressible curiosity. You will doubtless find that your serpent likes to follow you around. Do not let this worry you. It has no intention whatsoever, in doing so, other than to know what you are up to.

This trait offers many possibilities for training, obviously. From the simple feat of carrying your groceries, to the learning of anything that *you* can do, that lies within the serpent's physical facilities. Do not attempt to train it to do such ill-chosen chores as hulling strawberries or playing the piano. Its physical difficulties in attempting tasks beyond its powers will tend to produce frustration and, possibly, unreasoning rage. In which case, you will have an extremely tense snake on your hands; and neck.

True understanding, however, will make the snake feel important, cute, and useful; as necessary to the psychic wellbeing of your pet, as of yourself. Your success in charming, training, and getting along with your pet will open up new vistas in *your* life, and teach you much of value in your daily contacts with the professional and business world.



THE

Knife and Fork



The other day we talked with a *Nor-
teño* who has spent the past 15 years
in Mexico City, hungry for most of
those years, we gathered, except for
when he could talk his wife into mak-
ing tamales *norteños* or when he hied
off to a restaurant specializing in
northern-style cooking.

He told us about the train trips he
used to take from Tampico (the south-
east limit of northern territory) to
Monterrey. Each trip meant a severe
stomachache, he said, and then hastily
explained that it wasn't the food that
did it, but the quantity.

The train left Tampico early in the
morning on a run past some 20 sta-
tions, each of which offered a food
specialty which he took advantage of.
At the very least, he said, the run
went something like this: At 8 am,
in Altamira, Tamaulipas, our friend
was on the car platform, ready to
leap and run for *barbacoa* sold by an
ancient villager from a huge wooden
tub. Having thus breakfasted on grill-
ed lamb, he could wait for the 10 am
stop in Forlón, where he tucked away
tacos filled with ground beef and red
chile, plus a bottle of coffee-flavored
goat's milk.

About 1:30 pm, the train arrived in
Victoria. Our friend by-passed the
station restaurant and dined on *lon-
ches* from women in the station. These
get their name from the lunches eaten

by American railroad workers who
made up most of the population of
Victoria some 80 years ago. Nowadays,
none of the citizenship realizes the
word is English, just as they think
the word *chichembre* is as much their
own as the gingerbread sold in their
bakeries. *Lonches* are paired fried tor-
tillas topped with a mammoth piece
of chicken (the leg and thigh, for
example), plus shredded lettuce and
tomato. Along with one or two of
these, our friend had another handful
of little *tacos*, northern *enchiladas*
(fried tortillas dipped in red chile
sauce and wrapped around a cheese
and onion filling), and more milk.

At 3 pm, the train reached Garza
Valdez; specialty, *quesadillas* made of
tortillas heated with melted cheese
inside. Less than two hours later, the
lingering engine pulled into Linares,
and from there to Montemorelos, Luis
ate honeysweet oranges, peaches,
quinces sprinkled with salt, and
tangerines.

At 5:30, he bought *asaderas* in San
Juan. These are thin flat cheeses
about the size of a large dinner plate,
grilled quickly over a flame to toast
the outside and melt the inside, pre-
paratory to eating. He washed this
down with more coffee and goat's
milk, and had a little more than an
hour left to clean up and get ready
for supper in Monterrey. By then, he
usually contented himself with a sim-
ple supper of *cabrito* (charcoal grilled
young kid), a large platter of tamales
norteños, *machitos* (the carefully clean-
ed and cooked intestines of baby kid
or *agujas* (charcoalbroiled beef ribs).

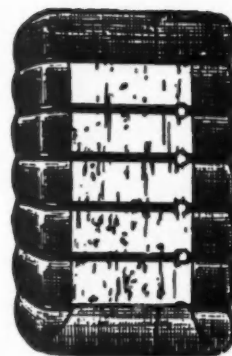
This gourmet's ride gives the high
spots of north Mexican cooking. The
north was once cattle country, and the
cuisine retains the best of what was
ranch-style.

In Monterrey, the best place for
ranch-style cooking is a neon-lighted
roadhouse called the *Alhambra*. In
Mexico City, *norteño* favorites, tops for
carne asada (which is grilled fillet with
fixings) are listed under "Food" (neat,
isn't it?) in our Directory.

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MEXICO, D. F.

Monterrey Suitcase

Monterrey people face their hot summers with cool conservativeness. Shorts and slacks for women are definitely not in order downtown, though they're both nice and necessary for excursions to Horsetail Falls or other picnic and swimming spots.

For shopping, park promenades, dining and lingering over tall drinks, cool cottons are the answer, and to feel your very best, you should allow for about three changes a day, to match the number of showers you're likely to be taking. Sleeveless cotton blouses take little suitcase room, and pair peesantly with the flared crisp cotton skirt you'll either carry with you or buy in one of the many shops featuring such Mexican fashion specialties. By all means, pack — or buy — something fluffy for night spots and evening.

Almost no woman wears stockings in Monterrey during the summer; beautifully pedicured feet and sandals — sturdy for shopping and sightseeing, fragile and narrow-strapped for evening — are the standard from June to September.

For men, rayon-dacron blends are good packers and shed wrinkles easily. A linen jacket is pleasant for evening, and daytime wear can easily be slacks, sport shirts, and sandals or moccasins.

Continued from page 15

mignon topped with chopped onions, parsley and olive oil, and served with a crisp fried banana on the side. He passed the recipe on to the chef at the Ancira, who obligingly whips it up for him every time Thompson drops into town.

There are many other regular visitors who also like to look on Monterrey as "theirs." And since the Laredo Air Force Base moves almost *in toto* to Monterrey on weekends, each of the 48 states has frequent representatives enjoying this Texas habit.

The popularity of the Monterrey weekend is due to a number of attractions. Convenience: the drive from most border points takes not over four hours, on good speedy highways. Bus, plane or train transportation is available for non-drivers. Hotels are modern, and food, from *enchiladas* to fine French cuisine, is excellent.

But it's something else than nearness and good places to stay and have fun in, that brings so many thousands down. Call it escape; or the mere fact that the place is different. Modern industrial center that it is, Monterrey is still a charming and storied town. In the leaf patterned shade of the beer garden or the quiet evening coolness of the plaza, with guitar music from the Carapan, perhaps, or some roust-about cafe, and now and then the clip-clop as a horse-drawn carriage passes, weekends take on the dimensions of an extended visit to another land.

House Beautiful
reporting on Mexico . . .

said
"We're all planning
to go back for more . . ."

The Carapan

Hidalgo Oriente 348
Monterrey, N. L., Mexico

If you are in Monterrey, on your way in or out of Mexico, don't miss Humberto Arellano's shop, the Carapan, for a good over-all selection of the best native crafts. He combs all of Mexico for collectors' items. He also runs the Posada Carapan, a tiny 5-room Spanish Colonial inn, furnished with utterly charming furnishings and equipped with balcony and patio, which are attached to the shop, and if you stay there you'll thank us.

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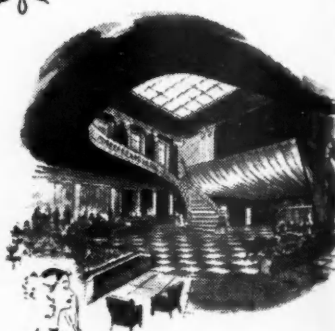
* Did you know that you can take back \$200 dollars worth duty-free and \$500 if you stay over 12 days in Mexico?

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DRIVE IN

Our own Directory

FOOD

WHERE TO EAT NORTENO

Tampico Club, Balderas 33: Although this restaurant makes a thing of fish, it is northern enough to invest special care and affection in such dishes as tamales *norteños*, *cabrito*, northern-style *enchiladas*, and *cecina* (thinly sliced salted dried beef, sometimes grilled by itself, often scrambled with eggs). *Carne asada*, which is made of filet sliced across and charcoal-broiled, and is the top *norteño* dish.

Los Norteños, Revillagigedo 25: Charcoal grilled kid (*cabrito*) is especially good here, as are the northern-style beans, *guacamole*, tamales and *enchiladas*.

El Patio, Atenas 9: This is a dance place, long an American favorite. After-show dish, and their pride and joy, *carne asada*.

El Caballo Bayo, Ave. del Conscripto 40: Out in the residential suburbs, and done in Spanish-inn style. Anything Mexican is good here. M. L.

(Editor's note: These listings are made for the benefit of our readers and are not ads. All ads are clearly indicated as such.)

INFORMATION SERVICES

A. M. A. (Asociación Mexicana Automovilística), Berlín 6. Affiliated with the A. A. A. Reciprocal courtesies to members. In case of emergency, call 35-27-35.

American Embassy, Reforma and Lafragua. Tel. 35-95-00.

American Society, Lucerna 71. Tel. 36-35-60 or 36-56-88.

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Benjamin Franklin Library, Niza 53.

Mexico City Daily Bulletin, Gómez Farias 41. Tel. 16-69-60. General tourist information.

National Tourist Department, Juárez 89. General travel information.

PEMEX Travel Club, Juárez 89. Highway information. Publishes an excellent auto travel bulletin in English.

MONTERREY STOPS

Anfa Super Motel, 2 miles north of Monterrey: swimming pool, average prices.

Carapan Posada, tiny 5-room inn, beautifully decorated: average prices. Popular patio bar.

Gran Hotel Ancira, average prices: excellent bar and restaurant.

Hotel Colonial, average prices: good restaurant and bar.

Luisiana Restaurant, top French cuisine, wonderful pastry.

Sanborn's Dining Room, popular lunch and supper spot: American and Mexican dishes.

NIGHT SPOTS



Much as the French, Mexicans go all out for night time gaiety, which means that the resources available in the city for late dining and dancing really run the gamut. The newest, and deservedly the most popular, place in town right now is the Jacaranda, in the middle of the city on Génova, between Londres and Hamburgo.

It is very like a French night-spot in that it is elegant, offers reasonably good food, attentive service and a minuscule dance area. Two orchestras, which cannot be overpraised, comprise as international a group of musicians as you will find anywhere.

The most interesting thing about the place is its architecture, which is also, I suspect, what gives it its very special atmosphere. Designed by Félix Candela, Mexico's, if not the world's master of "live concrete," it's in the form of nothing so much as an airplane hangar, but is, nonetheless, a genuinely pleasant place to spend the evening. Windows at either end of the room yield spectacular vistas of the landscaper's art. One is a water-fall!

The low note in the gamut is Tenampa, which for what it is, is worth as much of your time and interest as the Jacaranda. A bare-ish old-style bar-café, it seethes with patrons and free-wheeling *mariachis*, in bands. There is a floor show here — the customers, and as interesting as any in town. It's a place to go quite late — ladies must be escorted — for it's situated in the Plaza Garibaldi, more picturesquely active at 4 am than at 4 pm.

In between are the Capri (Hotel Regis), the Chanteclair (Hotel Reforma) and the Versailles (Hotel Del Prado). All are agreeable, and correspond more nearly to the kind of thing you are accustomed to. M. G.

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In the Shops

Almost everyone who comes to Mexico buys silver in quantities unplanned for. Handcrafted silver which varies from staidly perfect copies of Sheffield to breathtaking modern designs is offered at every turn, and silver is one of the best buys in a country noted for good buys.

For the last couple of decades, Taxco has been Mexico's city of silver. This old colonial village has more than 200 silver shops, among which three or four have won international fame. Their designs are available in most of Mexico, as well as in some U.S. shops.

The best known is Taxco's "Old Master," William Spratling, who began the renaissance of silver design in that town just 25 years ago. Spratling now lives on a ranch outside the town, and continues to turn out his famous combinations of cool silver and glowing rosewood in tea and coffee sets, as well as smoothly curved, starkly bare modern jewelry.

Particularly famous for his use of stones is Antonio Pineda, who specializes in jewelry from rings to intricate necklaces. Antonio's designs feature polished surfaces to reflect the pretty tones, both precious and semi-precious, which are the focal points of his work.

Perhaps the most original of Taxco's contemporary designers is a group of brothers, "Los Castillo," all of whom served their apprenticeships as silversmiths and have intense respect for the material they work with. Los Castillo, sparked by designer Chato Castillo, have introduced such innovations as jade and other stone mosaic in modern jewelry; "married metals" (combinations of silver, copper, brass and alloys of these metals worked into astonishingly beautiful jewelry and hollow-ware); and, recently, feather mosaic with plumes of tropical birds adding color to a design in silver.

Another of Taxco's big names is Margot de Taxco, who turns her back on modern design because she feels frankly that few women are themselves of such modern design that they are flattered by boldness and simplicity

in jewelry. Margot specializes in colored enamels on silver, which, she says, give the bright contrast and complimentary color that most women need.

Many shops which cater to tourists, and there are hundreds, also turn out their own designs. In Mexico City, Ortega jewelers feature outstanding modern design in hollow-ware and jewelry. Sanborn's de México, while laying no claim to original design, displays splendid copies of classic English silver, hand-made in their own workshop, and carries a choice range of classic colonial Mexican design.

Some of the city's shops are particularly worth looking into for their selection and presentation of famous silver designs of the Republic. One of the pleasiest of these is La India Bonita at Juárez 14. The owner of this shop has the same love of metals which characterizes fine designers in that medium, and although he does no designing himself, he selects and presents the best, with sophisticated taste. The Museum of Popular Arts' salesroom, Juárez 44, also keeps a fairly complete line of Taxco silver, both jewelry and large platters, cocktail shakers, and other hollow-ware.

As a rule, silver purchased by weight except, of course, jewelry. Therefore, in table pieces, you seldom pay extra for design, unless it is a one-of-a-kind, or custom-made.

Strong controls give you guarantees that silver marked "sterling" is really sterling. This mark is usually in English, but is sometimes replaced by a *quinto* mark, Mexico's hallmark. The *quinto* originated in colonial times, when a fifth of all silver mined went directly to the King of Spain. Its present use guarantees the purity of sterling. A reputable shop further guarantee.

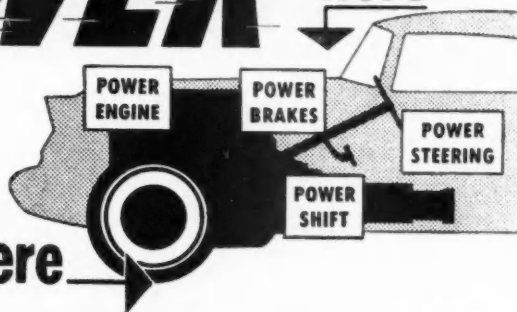
There is somewhat less control over the use of stones. Native to Mexico are jade, turquoise, opals, amethyst quartz, pearls and some other stones. Imported moonstones are frequently used, and many silversmiths use such artificial stones as zircons, alexandrine, and imitations of stones like rubies, emeralds and sapphires.

M. L.

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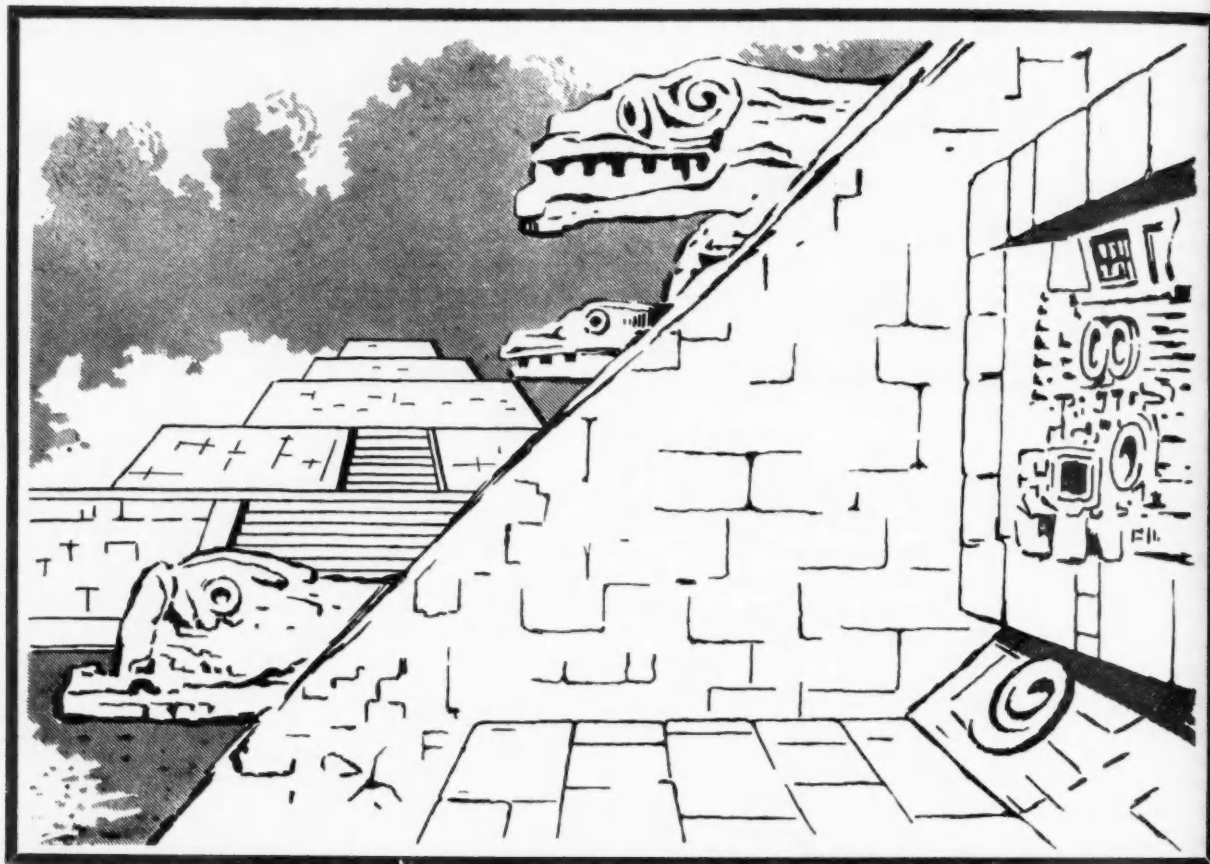
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